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EDWARD P. O'LEARY

DEDICATION

To all who would seek
the land of Hearts Desire
and

To all true lovers of
California

These lines are respectfully
inscribed

By the Author

Lyrics of California

by

EDWARD P. O'LEARY

Author of

Wayside Memories, Songs and Poems,
including "The Tot's Birthday Party"

Hymns and Devotional Rhymes"

"Fiddle and I, or the Legend of the Violin,"

and other Poems

"Songs of Love," words and music

"Enigmas in Prose and Rhyme"

"Maxims for Young and Old"

in Prose and Rhyme"

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EDWARD P. O'LEARY

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MY EMIGRATION TO CALIFORNIA

There's a change in my status since I was young,
For then I dwelt in the blizzardy East,
And I toiled, as its dwellers now toil along,
For shelter, for raiment, for daily feast.

When the shackles of winter would fall from my limbs,
When the boreal freezes would please to cease,
Old Sol, would retake to his fiendish whims,
And load up his furnace with fuel and grease.

And he'd set it aflame, and such torrid heat came,
That it seemed 'twas his ultimate joy to melt
This poor little globe, so I can't find a name,
To distinguish the ceaseless burning, we felt.

Many years I had suffered the pangs of ill health,—
Doctors told me on earth I'd not long to remain.
Genial climate might help to relieve my distress,
But vigorous health, I could never regain.

What was I to do in this fitful purlieu.
No modern destroyers for service were nigh,
For I knew, and I felt, 'twas to freeze or to melt,
One terror or the other hurled from the sky.

So I gathered my dollars and a few Sunday collars,
And mused where and how I might dwell—
Where no boreal "Pole," should insist its control,
And drag close on behind it—a h——.

I had heard people say, that far over the way
Lay a land where good angels abide.
Every month was a June, every hour, a noon,
And it's fields, were flow'r spangled, and wide.

That sweet vernal-like breezes would waft from above
And fill souls with exuberant joys.
That its oldest statistics would plausibly prove
None grew aged, but always stayed boys.

There were magical breezes that dropped from above,
That would court you, caress you, and bless;
Touch your cheeks, as the lips of the Spirit of Love,
And you'd ne'er know despair, or distress.

'Twas a rich land, for wander wherever you may,
Shone nuggest of countless worth,
And history reveals, in its primeval day,
'Twas the treasury vault of the earth.

So wherever you'd journey, in upland or dell,
Or thro' leaf-strewn shadowy wold,
Lay these nuggets, too precious in value to tell,
Of mans most valued idol—*pure gold*.

Other wealth, quite untellable, seek as you please,
Hid in crevasse, 'neath rock, or green sods.
That its fruit grew from earth without cuttings or seeds,
And its edibles,—Help me ye gods.

That it claimed fairest maidens that dwelt upon earth,
Who bewitched every heart, thro' their smile.
They were tutor'd by angels, from day of their birth,
And like them must stay ever the while.

Would you dare to compare their sweet eyes or their
grace.

E'en with what Venus deemed her most blest,
You would earn a contempt that you could not efface.
Or be charged with delusion, possessed.

Were adorable, and if for no reason more,
Just suspend every pleasure of life
And pray to be sent to that halcyon shore,
And be blessed with so peerless a wife.

There are other endearments, and qualified joys,
I'm too humble a poet to sing,
But banish your doubtful, alluring toys,
And your soul to this happy land bring.

Eutopia, was only a fanciful dream,
Compared with this heaven of climes;
Eldorado, a pictur'd and ear-pleasing scheme,
To the truths I have writ in these rhythms.

I believe there is many and many a saint,
Who meanders these bright, flowery ways,
Who is sent to blot out every error and taint,
That would tarnish her heavenly days.

I believe her security nature forestalls,
Broad, majestic Pacific lays west,
'Long the east mountains lift their invincible walls,
'Gainst storms, that would tempt to infest.

Kind nature requites her, in air, and in soil,
Her beneficence shows everywhere.
She lavishly gives to the hands do toil,
In the bounteous harvests they share.

I have heard tongues repeat again and again,
Of the zephyres that bring to her bliss,
They dally your cheeks, as the sweet lips of love,
And like love, bring perfume with their kiss.

So I sought this fair land, of which I'd been told,
Over mountains, and valleys, and streams,
And found sunshine, and flowers, and plentous gold
Beyond all expectations, and dreams.

And lest sheriff should take me,
Or sound sense forsake me,
I'll ne'er journey again, whence I came.

But stay worshipper dutiful,
In this land of the beautiful,
And for e'er at her altar remain.

All ye, who dwell distant from this happy home,
And for Paradise linger, and long,
Pray to heaven that you to its portals be borne,
And inherit these blessings I've sung.

* * * * *

With thanks to God for a happy life,
And estate somewhere 'twixt rich and poor,
I have ambled my course, thru' joys and strife,
In this haven of "Promise,"—so au revoir.

CALIFORNIA

(*An Acrostic*)

Could I but sing thy charms in classic song,
As some great singers of the past have done,
Long would the world thy magic praises hear,
In every land beneath the setting sun.
From North to South, where e'er the sun doth set,
Of thy sweet praises would I ever sing;
Regardless of what others say or do,
Ne'er would I falter in my love so true.
I fain would send these lines o'er land and sea,
And may my last fond dreams be spent with thee.

QUEEN OF THE WEST

Beneath Sierras towering gaze,
Like a maiden fair to see,
Robed as "a queen" in fairyland,
Smiling o'er the Western Sea.
No queen who ever reigned supreme,
Could be so wonderous fair
As this charmed one of whom we sing,
In majesty stands there.

Beneath the blue of radiant skies,
Bedecked in golden sheen;
When far from her my longing eyes
Oft dream of this fair queen.
For, 'round her blossoms ever cling,
And roses twine her hair;
The fairest queen of all the land
And her sweet charms I share.

She smiles serene o'er valleys green
Where the golden sunset dies,
The fairest of this earth I ween,
Beneath the heavens blue skies.
Fair as a golden morn in June,
With a flush upon her face
Is *she*, this one of whom we sing,
And her sweet charms,—now trace.

Like some fair bride 'neath fragrant bowers,
This queen I love so well;
Crowned with bright wreaths of perfumed flowers,
Could I with her e'er dwell,
No more on earth I'd long to roam,
But e'er contented be;
And ever call this spot my home
Where her sweet charms I'd see.

For golden fruits of glory gleam
In valleys green around this queen;
And if 'neath her sweet smiles you stray,
You'll ne'er forget 'till your last day.
Sweet blessings that are unconfined
Within her kingdom, you will find,
O'er all the earth and fair Southwest,
The one you'll ever love the best.

* * * * *

This queenly one of whom we sing,
Now to you all her name we bring.
Your life, her charms will ever bless—
Queen city of Los Angeles.

CALIFORNIA

(Song)

The Land I Love

Once again I long to ramble
Over valleys fair to see,
Where I spent my love's young dreaming,
Happy were those days to me.
'Till the roving spirit lured me,
Over foreign lands to roam,
Seeking 'lusive, golden, treasure
Far from my dear native home.

Refrain

Where song birds sing their carols
In the hush of winter's morn,
And golden poppy blossoms,
The green valleys there adorn.
Amid sweet blooming flowers,
Whose fragrance fills the air,
And life is one long sunshine,
That every one may share.

Weary years I've spent in roaming,
From Alaska's golden strand,
To the East and South Sea Islands,
But there's only one home land.
For the gloomy leafless woodlands
All my love has ever flown,
There's no charm in tropic sunshine,
Give me back my native home.

Refrain

In my heart I feel a longing,
There once more again to dwell,
There's none other in this wide world,
That I'll ever love so well.
Heimweh achings long have grieved me,
And I'll journey home once more,
To the land of Heart's Desire,
Fair California's Southern Shore.

Refrain

Heimweh in German

“Homeway” or “Home Longing.”

WHERE THE GOLDEN POPPIES GROW

In this famed land I long to rest,
The fairest known beneath the skies.
Go North or South, the East or West,
'Tis here the far-famed Eden lies.
Suburb of the Isle Elysian
Where flowers bloom, you long to kiss
That favored spot of all the earth;
To cheer the weary soul to bliss.
'Tis here I ever long to stray
Beneath the sun's bright cheering ray,—
Where the Golden Poppies grow.

Thou who art free from toil released,
Come where the gentle zephyr's blow;
And thou shalt have a joyous feast
Where golden fruits ambrosial grow.
To land of flowers and sweet perfume,
The fairest seen beneath the skies.
Where sunshine days dispell all gloom,
And bring glad hope to longing eyes.
Fanned by the balmy fragrant air,
No other land can be as fair,—
Where the Golden Poppies grow.

Land of the olive and the vine,
The fairest gem hath e'er been set.
Land, blessed by heavenly bright sunshine,
Come here and thou shalt ne'er regret.
To this land of blooming roses,
Where e'er you hail from, you'll be true,
Land, where summer day reposes
Each coming bright new season through.
And though 'neath ailen skies you roam,
'Tis here you'll ever call *sweet home*,—
Where the Golden Poppies grow.

Here in the land of bright sunshine
Come dwell beneath His gracious smile.
Land, lit by light of love divine,
Uncursed by serpent's cunning guile,
This choosen spot of all the earth,
Its coming wonders who shall tell.
Come here, and thou shalt have new birth;
And in sweet bliss shall ever dwell.
For future ages yet to be
Shall sing its praise o'er land and sea,—
Where the Golden Poppies grow.

CALIFORNIA

The Land of Heart's Desire

In this fair land 'tis sweet to dwell
Where fragrant blossoms cheer the way,
And soothing tones from rippling streams
Chant anthems, ever night and day.
The balmy breezes cool the brow,
And song birds trill their sweetest lay;
Though I have roamed in many lands,
Let me in this, sleep my last day,—
The land of Heart's Desire.

'Tis well to dwell in this fair land,
'Twill ever bless your days and cheer;
And talents, that kind Heaven endowed
Each one and all, may find them here.
Delightful scenes entrance the eye,
And sounds, that charm the listening ear,
Will ever their sweet blessings lend
Until the heart grows lone and sear,—
In the Land of Heart's Desire.

In summer fields of golden grain
From mountains to the surging sea,
And citrus groves of emerald sheen,
Adorn the valleys fair to see.
Though Time's grim scythe is onward mowing,
Fair nature's scenes will ever last.
The luring bright and joyous present
Thrill hearts with glories of the past,—
In the Land of Heart's Desire.

Here, old familiar faces greet us,
Where e'er our wandering feet may stray;
As though in the eternal realm
We'd meet dear friends long passed away.
Earth's sun kissed, fairest, flowery spot,
None other can I love so well,
Where now I write these lines tonight
Let me through life, forever dwell,—
In the Land of Heart's Desire.

CALIFORNIA

Some like to dwell where blizzards blow,
And long to see the ice and snow,
The hoary frost of winter drear.
Give me, I pray, this land of cheer—
Fair land of California.

Where summer flowers ever bloom,
And blossoms spread their sweet perfume.
Where feathered songsters sing their lay
Through all the year, both night and day—
Fair land of California.

Where day and night the whole year long
Is one glad, joyous, mirthful song,
And sunbeams ever brightly shine
Blessed by the hand of Heaven divine—
Fair land of California.

No frigid winds, or clouded sky,
Chill when the winter days draw nigh,
But like sweet lingering dreams long past,
The summer hours forever last—
In Southern California.

Fair valleys green, and mountains high,
Towering upward to the sky,
The land all nature loves the best,
And known as the "Golden West,"—
Fair land of California.

Since East and West, clasped hand in hand
At Panama's fair golden strand,
Thousands have heard of its great fame,
And lives in every heart the name—
Famed land of California.

Its gladsome days will ever cheer
You onward to some bright career.
No other land beneath the skies
Can cheer the heart, or charm the eyes—
Like dear old California.



THE MOCKING BIRD'S SONG

One night in grief I went to bed
My heart was in despair,
The trials that beset life's way,
Severer seemed to be each day,
And more than I could bear.

Sleep would not visit my tired eyes,
Weary I tossed and turned,
As I lay on my downy bed,
Trying to rest my aching head
While fever, flushed and burned.

Suddenly in the midnight gloom,
I heard the sweetest strain
From walnut tree, outside my cot,
And then my troubles were forgot,
And all that gave me pain.

The notes from some wild mocking bird,
Came to my listening ear.
My sorrows vanished, I was free
As mortal ever here may be,
And had no more to fear.

The songs from that sweet singer's throat
Lulled me to slumbering rest.
No sweeter trills were ever heard,
Than came from that most joyous bird,
As if by Heav'n 'twere blest.

And in the dawning of the morn,
I asked with contrite heart,
Kind Heaven, who sent that bird's cheer
My lonely wandering moments here,
Such blessings ne'er depart.



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IN WINTER

Here in the land of the fair South West
The sun shines bright o'er the mountains crest,
And valleys green that are fair to see
From flow'r crown'd hills to th esurging sea.

The dew drops sleep in the winter's bloom
Of tropic plants, and sweet flowers perfume
The balmy air; and the brooklets flow,
While mountains near are agleam with snow.

The drowsy song of the busy bees,
Is wafted far through the citrus trees;
And humming birds seek blooming flowers
Through all the joyous sunlit hours.

Lone deserts once, now bloom in emerald sheen,
Enchanting as a sylvan fairy queen.
Hesperian fruits and bowers of soft repose,
Flowering gardens, fragrant as the rose.

Where the old church bells ring out so sweet,
From the mission towers as if to greet
And offer each one a welcome hand,
Who come to this heav'n bless'd far famed land.

From summer storms of the fiery east,
From frigid winters we are released,
And offer thanks for the charm possessed
Where nature smiles, and each one is blest
In this fair, Southern Land of the West.

WHEN IT RAINS IN CALIFORNIA

O! how I love the winter days
No words of mine can offer praise.
The gladsome time of all the year
When rain drops fill my heart with cheer.
Beneath those joyous summer showers,
I long to spend life's sweetest hours;
And dream of by-gone years long past,
Where hoary frost, and winters last,—
Far—away—from—California.

Through winter days, long, lone, and dreer,
No more of them have I to fear.
In this fair Southern, sun-kissed land
Anear the broad Pacific's strand;
Where song birds sing the whole year long,
And cheer my heart with their sweet song,
I welcome then the heavenly showers,
When e'er they come in winter hours,—
When it rains in California.

Beneath Mount Wilson's hoary crest
Would I through life forever rest,
And hail thy gentle, pattering feet
All citrus growers love to greet.
I long to hear thy dolesome song
That cheers my way on earth along,
Where canyon, vale, and mountain side
Reflect thy blessings far and wide,—
When it rains in California.

Come oft, sweet rain, in gentle showers,
And bless our winter cheerful hours.
Gay birds their joyous songs shall sing,
And fragrant flowers forever spring.
The skies shall turn a deeper blue,
And roses bloom with brighter hue.
We welcome thee, O gentle rain,
And sing to thee our glad refrain,—
When it rains in California.

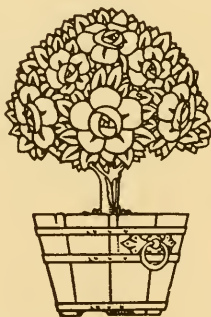
WHERE THE ROSES NEVER FADE

Let's go back to California,
Dear old sweetheart, you and I.
In my heart there is a longing
For the clear blue southern sky,
For the hoary, towering mountains,
And the valleys green and fair;
For the winter blooming flowers,
And the fragrance of the air.

To that land of green and golden
Far away from frost and snow,
Where the gentle sighing zephyrs
And the orange blossoms blow;
Where all nature smiles her fairest,
And the song birds trill their lay,
There once more I long to ramble,
And to dream life's hours away.

Down by the breakers let us stray
'Neath the cloudless evening skies,
And behold the broad Pacific
Where the golden sunset dies.
Or, go strolling in the morning
In the fragrant balmy air,
When there's gold and purple gleaming
On the hillsides everywhere.

Let's go back where life's worth living
Once again dear,—you and I;
Let us hasten to its beauties
There to dwell, and there to die;
And when we're called away to rest,
Let us sleep beneath the shade
Where the song birds sing their praises
And the roses never fade.



WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE

Oh! long it is since that first vision
A mundane gleam of Paradise.
Fair verdant hills, and vales elysian,
Came to my eager longing eyes.
From childhood's early morn I dreamed
Of some fair land the heart could cheer,
And through the vale of dreams there gleamed
Hope's guiding ray to seek it here;
Where now I dwell 'neath skies of blue
And first my sweetest dreams came true.

Like a happy love tranced maiden
With ruby lips and eyes of blue,
Here all nature blossom laden,
Sweet fragrance spreads the whole year through.
Song birds their sweet love trills render
Beneath December's azure skies.
Zephyr's sigh o'er scenes of splendor,
Sunset's surpassing love-lit eyes.
Where now, I dream 'neath skies of blue;
To this fair land I'll e'er be true.

Here, in winter come glad showers,
Where ever now I long to stray,
Sending perfume from sweet flowers,
Cheering the hours along life's way.
Fading as some tragic memory,
Frosty blizzards ever seem
To me now, faint, vague, and shimmery;
Or, as some hideous nightmare dream.
While here, I'm blessed 'neath skies of blue
Where first my sweetest dreams came true.

Beneath the towering mountains hoary
To *youth*, and *strength*, I long to cling.
What care I for *wealth*, or *glory*,
While here thy praises I can sing.
Nature's charms forever thrill me
With fair delights, I long have seen.
From mountains to the surging sea,
O'er all thy hills, and valleys green.
Here let me rest 'neath skies of blue,
Where first my sweetest dreams came true.

CALIFORNIA

(An Acrostic)

Come where skies are blue and fair,
And their sweet blessings ever share.
Land where the golden flowers bloom
In radiant tints and sweet perfume,
Fairest of all beneath the blue
Of sunny skies and verdant hue.
Return you ne'er will evermore,
Nor leave this far famed western shore.
In this fair Eden of the West,
Ah! here, you'll ever long to rest.



CALIFORNIA

(*A Double Acrostic*)

California, land of fervent delight,
Accept this humble tribute to thy praise.
Long now it is, since first, 'neath sunshine bright
I came to rest with thee, my last fond days.
For oft thy praises had been sung to me
Of sunny skies, and landscapes wonderous fair,
Rippling streams, and valleys fair to see,
No other land can e'er with thee compare.
I long to sing thy praises o'er and o'er,
And e'er through life, shall love thee more and more.



HOME IN CALIFORNIA

Back from winter of ice and snow,
Home in the land where all things grow.
Away from the northern blizzards blast,
Here where the genial summers last;
Where blossoms tinge the verdant hue
From spring to spring the whole year through,
And song birds sing both night and day
In gladsome praise from May 'till May.

Back to the clime I love so well,
What joy to me words fail to tell.
Away from my old northern home
Where in my youth I loved to roam,
And though it pained my sorrowing heart
From native land and friends to part,
Now in this fair and southern clime
Content I am to dwell,—life's time.

* * * * *

Let others sigh for lands that be
California is the land for me.

OUR CALIFORNIA

Her Allurements and Allotments

What blessings of Heaven bestow'd upon us,
Are more matchless, more gracious, more kind,
Than those that invigorate joy and give trust
In our souls, in our bodies, and mind.
Denied their beneficence, discord, and fear,
Would supplant every comfort benign,
Our smiles would submit to the gloom of a tear,
And to sorrow's, sweet peace would resign.

|
What gratitude owe we, thou glorious clime,
For thy tranquil, salubrious sun.
Every beam seems a word that is spoken divine,
Bidding nature, thy will shall be done.
The small peeping flowret,—the dignified oak,
Respond with their praises of love,
And the birds in their twit, their song, and their croak,
Chant hymns to thy Giver above.

Thou dost help to uncover the bounties of God
And uncurtain man's darken'd eye,
And reveal is if thro' His voice, and His nod
Where earth shall its riches supply.
The diamond, the nugget of precious gold
Are displayed by thy ferritting ray,
So that man may thy lurking resources unfold
And bring forth what is hidden away.

I would not barter thy precious air
For Italias charming clime,
Nay earth cannot show me a realm so fair
To exchange for this land so benign.
Should Heaven endow me an artist divine
And bid me an Eden create,
I would pray to sketch, for my noble design,
A model of this charming state.

Thou givest to us our bounteous store
Of grass, and of grain, and of fruit.
Your whisper, your beckon, your smile you implore
To entrance life incarnate, and brute.
You offer your smile to each small blade of grass
That peeps 'neath each stone on the way,
As you do to the towering trees that surpass
The proudest that raise in array.

God made you, and is it a sin if we feel
That His gifts are so partial to us,
That we look with more love on the spot where we dwell
And assume it a kindlier trust.
We cannot discover, as earth circles 'round,
Such exquisite rapturous skies
A heaven as lovely as that which is found
The most gorgeous that heaven supplies.

Her arms are outstretched (saying "come unto me")
If ye yearn for a generous sod,
If ye yearn for the fruitfullest soil that be
Dispensed thro' the mercies of God,
I assure you a harvest that never shall fail,
In fruits and in life growing grain,
I assure you bright skies that shall ever prevail,
Genial airs, and sweet nature's soft rain.

What nature dispenses 'tis ours but to love,
For we happen to be but her slave,
And we know what she gives is consigned from above,
And is all we should need, or should crave.
O Merciful Ruler, and Giver of All,
May Thy good gifts that fall to us here,
Be the same unto all, who in reverence call
For Thy blessings on earth every where.



CALIFORNIA

(*An Acrostic*)

Could I but sing! ever 'twould be of thee.
Ah! ne'er through life can I that day regret
Long though it be, since first old friend we met.
In praise I offer then these trifling lines,
For thou hast been to me a worthy friend.
O may I ever love thee more and more—
Refulgent are thy blessings each new day,
Nor can thy splendors e'er from earth depart.
In memory will I cherish joys with thee
Among the sweetest treasures of my heart.



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